

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY,  
1862.

BY E. R. S.

Hail! all hail the day,  
The bright, glorious day,  
When the banner of Freedom unfurl'd:  
It was purchased with blood,  
And the tall standard stood  
As a beacon of light for the world.

CHORUS:

O Freedom—fair Freedom,  
Boon of the brave;  
Here thy spire rises high,  
Like a tower in the sky,  
And thy banner forever shall wave.

Praise our noble sires,  
Who erected fires  
On the altars of justice and peace;  
We will cherish the same  
Bright and pure holy flame,  
And its incense henceforth will increase,  
CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

There's a sad, sad sound  
Which "the wires" take round;  
And it comes from fair Liberty's home!  
Where disunion has spread,  
And the fierce warrior's tread  
Fills with sorrow the cottage and dome!  
CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

Here we'll never swerve,  
But, as gold, preserve  
The just rights which are mutually given;  
While protection's broad fold  
We unflinchingly hold,  
As bequeathed by our country and heav'n.  
CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

